I tell yee what, Thursday is neere,
Lay hand on heart, aduise, bethinke your selfe,
If you be mine, Ile giue you to my frend:
If not, hang, drowne, starue, beg,
Dye in the streetes: for by my Soule
Ile neuer more acknowledge thee,
Nor what I haue shall euer doe thee good,
Thinke ont, looke toot, I doe not vse to iest. *Exit.*

Iul: Is there no pitty hanging in the cloudes,
That lookes into the bottom of my woes?
I doe beseech you Madame, cast me not away,
Defer this mariage for a day or two,
Or if you cannot, make my mariage bed
In that dimme monument where *Tybalt* lyes.

Moth: Nay be assured I will not speake a word.
Do what thou wilt for I haue done with thee. *Exit*

Iul: Ah Nurse what comfort? what counsell canst tho
giue me.

Nur: Now trust me Madame, I know not what to say
Your *Romeo* he is banisht, and all the world to nothing
He neuer dares returne to challendge you.
Now I thinke good you marry with this County,
Oh he is a gallant Gentleman, *Romeo* is but a dishclout
In respect of him. I promise you
I thinke you happy in this second match.
As for your husband he is dead:
Or twere as good he were, for you haue no vse of him.

Iul: Speakst thou this from thy heart?

Nur: I and from my soule, or els beshrew them both.

Iul: Amen.

Nur: What say you Madame?

Iul: Well, thou hast comforted me wondrous much,
I pray thee goe thy waies vnto my mother
Tell her I am gone hauing displeasde my Father,
To Fryer *Laurence* Cell to confesse me,
And to be absolu'd.

Nur: I will, and this is wisely done.

She lookes after Nurse.

Iul: Auncient damnation, O most curssed fiend.
Is it more sinne to wish me thus forsworne,
Or to dispraise him with the selfe same tongue
That thou hast praisde him with aboue compare
So many thousand times? Goe Counsellor,
Thou and my bosom henceforth shalbe twaine.
Ile to the Fryer to know his remedy,
If all faile els, I haue the power to dye.

Exit.

Enter Fryer and Paris.

Fr: On Thursday say ye: the time is very short,

Par: My Father *Capolet* will haue it so,
And I am nothing slacke to slow his hast.

Fr: You say you doe not know the Ladies minde?
Vneuen is the course, I like it not.

Par: Immoderately she weepes for *Tybalts* death,
And therefore haue I little talkt of loue.
For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares,
Now Sir, her father thinkes it daungerous:
That she doth giue her sorrow so much sway.
And in his wisedome hasts our mariage,
To stop the inundation of her teares.
Which too much minded by her selfe alone
May be put from her by societie.
Now doe ye know the reason of this hast.

Fr: I would I knew not why it should be slowd.